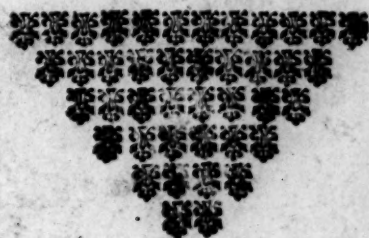


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T H E

DISSENTER.



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DISSENT

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1901.

THE PREFACE.

IT is no small Happiness to England at this Juncture, that God of His Omnipotence is sufficient, without Humane Aid, to Defend His Peculiar Church from the violent Efforts of Her Malitious Enemies; for had Her safety, in these times, depended upon the Integrity of some of Her Spiritual Governours, it is very probable they would have serv'd Her, as they did their late Unfortunate Prince, (that is) Deserted Her in the time of Danger, and have suffer'd Her to have been expos'd to the Insolent Usage of a Fanatick Multitude. Martyrdom, amongst the Ecclesiastical Heroes of this Age, is quite grown out of Fashion: For it has, not long since, been too Unhappily observ'd, that those who are under the highest Obligations to be the Church's Champions, are so far from hazarding their Lives for the security of their Religion, that they will not venture one Grain of their Temp'ral Felicity to preserve the Church they Live by, as well as hope to be Sav'd by, from the Insults of Her industrious Adversaries, who they know are vigilant of all Opportunities to effect Her Subversion.

Some who have been Invested with Ecclesiastical Authority, (from whom great matters were expected) have not so commendably discharg'd their Duty in a late Affair, but that the World have some Reasons to suspect, that so long as the Dignity of their Function remains secure, and the Revenues that support it can be kept free from the Violence of Sacreligious Hands, they think it no great matter whether the Glory of God be made Manifest any other way, than in the Grandure (instead of the Sincerity) of His Vicegerents; as if to Live Voluptuously, to Act Carelessly, and Sleep Securely, were the principal Duties of a Pastoral Overseer. But we would not have them think that their late fatal Derogation from their Duty, Couch'd under the Interested Title of Moderation, has slip'd thro' the heedless World into Oblivion, without severe Notice: For I can assure them, they have not escap'd the Censure of most Honest Men, who think it no Ill-Manners to show a Publick Dislike of their late Management; and wonder how it can be made Consistent with a sincere Conscience, or the Duty of a Dissenter, to Strengthen and Encourage a Dissenting-Party, who have always been open and declar'd Enemies to that Establish'd Church, which they have Sworn to abide by.

It is no wonder that the Whigs, in their Calumniating Pamphlets, take the Liberty of making so many smart Attacks upon the Church, since they find Her own Guardians are so unwilling to Defend Her, which must be either owing to their Slothful Negligence, or else, that they are willing to show the World, by their Exemplary Patience, The Church is bound to suffer the Reproaches, and Aspersions cast upon Her by Her Adversaries, and ought, in all such Cases, to still keep close to the Exploded Doctrine of Non-Resistance. For certainly the Dissenters would never have had the Confidence to have given the Church so many Insolent Challenges, and other Provocations, had they not been Encouraged to this Liberty by the Tameness, and Indifference of some of Her
Eminen.

Eminent Clergy, who are so very fond of being esteem'd Moderate Men by their Enemies, that they Forfeit the Good Opinion of their Friends, by being slack and negligent in the performance of their Duty. Nothing startled the World more, than that so many great Church-men should fall into this Error, so far as to turn their Backs upon their own Community, and become such strenuous Advocates for the Dissenters, at such a time too, when the Whigs had enjoy'd for many Years, all the Publick Places of Profit in the Kingdom, till they had so Strengthen'd and Enrich'd themselves by these Advantages, That the Church could not but be under some deep Apprehensions of Danger from the Wealth, Power and Emulation, of their Aspiring Party: Nor indeed are the Reasons yet made Evident to the World, why some of the Clergy, submitted themselves at such a Juncture, to so unexpected a Compliance; for if the Whig Greatness made our Church Governours fearful to Offend them, there was the more Reason why they should not have let slip so far an Opportunity of Restraining their Ambition, and Reducing their Competitors to more moderate Circumstances; Courage in such Cases, being the best Policy, and the most necessary Vertue, both in the Prince and the Preacher; Quia timiditas eorum est Calamitas multorum.

It will not be thought, I hope, improper, if in this place I introduce a Story, which I heard Merrily told in a Publick Coffee-House, viz. A whimsical Gentleman in Gloucestershire, having Receiv'd much Damage by the late Hurricane, especially in his Out-Houses, strip'd the Tyles off of one part of his Dwelling-House to Repair the Covering of his Stable, there being great scarcity of Tyles at that time; which the Parson, being a near Neighbour, ask'd him the reason Why he shou'd more Respect to his Horses, than he did to his Christian Family? Pray, Sir, said the Gentleman, Can you give me a Reason why our B——p, who is a Church-Man, as People say, Writ Nineteen Queries in behalf of the Dissenters, and gave his Vote for Occasional Conformity, in order to Untile the Church to Repair the Meeting-Houses. O, Sir, says the Parson, such things are done for Reasons of State, that are not fit for the World to be Acquainted with. And I, replies the Gentleman, do this for Reasons best known to my self, that no Body else shall be the Wiser for. The Reader may apply the Story as he thinks fit.

It is necessary I should say something concerning my Design in the following Poem. viz. some of the Dissenting Advocates have been so kind to promise the World a Monthly History of the base Treatment the Dissenters have receiv'd from the Church Party, to show us how great an Inclination they have to that Peace and Union, recommended by Her Majesty to all Her Subjects.

I have therefore thought it not a little necessary, in Opposition to their Design, to inform the World what these Sanctify'd Grumbletonians truly are, and for whom these Mercenary Incendiaries so strenuously contend. If they Begin their History I shall finish the Picture at whole length, which I have here given but a Sketch of, tho' I am sorry to see that the Ingratitude of their Party should be such, as to daily provoke the Church-men to a further Recrimination, under whom they have so long enjoy'd even unreasonable Advantages, and by whom they have always been treated (but when the contrary was their own Fault) with all Brotherly Love and Christian Charity. And this I am sure has been so Evident to all Honest and Impartial Christians, who behold the Transactions of this World without Gall or Prejudice, that it cannot be deny'd by any but a rank Occasional Conformist, who changes his Religion for his Interest, and always Obviates those Truths that make against him by false and violent Contradictions.

T H E

T H E

D I S S E N T E R.

WHAT wild Opinions have possess'd Mankind,
 And made their Judgment Lame, and Reason Blind?
 That most pursuing Truth do Headlong run
 Into those Errors they desire to shun.
 Many thro' *Prejudice* themselves Misguide,
 Averse to Rules, will by no Laws Abide;
 But Love to always Tug against the Tide.

Others by *Parents weak Examples* taught,
 Into wrong Paths by slow Degrees are brought;
 Where careless of themselves they forward move,
 Not steer'd by Reason but by Filial Love,

Resolve their Fathers Dictates to Obey,
 And will pursue the same Mistaken way ;
 Maintain those Faults their Erring Sires begun,
 And from Heav'ns Milky Paths quite Backward run;
 These by Inheritance wrong Tennets hold,
Misled when Young, and *Obstinate* when Old:
 With whom no Grace can work, or Truth prevail,
 So bound to Errors by a long Entail,
 That neither Reasons Force, nor Scriptures Light,
 Can make them quit the Wrong t' embrace the Right.

Others by Tutors Poyson'd in their Youth,
 Are Taught betimes to Juggle with the Truth;
 To Cant with Heaven, to Wrest the Text Divine,
 And make the Scriptures serve each base Design.
 What Knowledge these possess they misapply;
 Wrong Notions Teach, and real Truths Deny;
 Mislead the Ignorant by Deceitful Arts,
 And prate to humour Fools and gain their Hearts;

Who

Who willing to be taught some new-found way,
 Are easily induc'd to run astray;
 For Zealous Fools too freely entertain
 The Pious Whims of each Fanatick Brain,
 Tho' ne'er so Frantick let their Doctrine be,
 And quite repugnant to Divinitie;
 The Hair-Brain'd Crowd, at Variance with their Wits,
 Are ready to produce New Profelites;
 That Madman, Knave, or Fool may eas'ly find,
 An *English* Congregation to his Mind.

But above all 'tis *Int'rest* bears the Sway,
 And leads the Avaritious World Astray.
Gold, by its Luster, dazzles Humane Eyes,
 And takes the Heart, unguarded, by Surprise;
 None but pure Virtue can its Power withstand,
 The Preacher loves to grasp it in his Hand;
 And tho' he seems to hold it in Disdain,
 Yet he serves God most heart'ly when for Gain.

Contending Parties in the Church or State,
 Strive only which shall be most Rich and Great.

Whether t' Oppose or Serve the Government,
Riches alone is the design'd Event;
Int'rest, not *Conscience*, makes the *Whig* Dissent.

Tho' Men, with Men, their different Faiths Dispute,
 To make their own Opinions Absolute:
 Yet in One Error, ev'ry side Unites,
 To prove themselves i'th' Main but Hypocrites.
 What Creed soever various Factions hold,
 Yet all agree t' Adore that Idol *Gold*:
 All do their equal Zeal to *Riches* show,
 And make *Religion* to their *Int'rest* Bow.

When Heats and Feuds 'twixt Parties do arise,
 Tho' Points of Faith, the Quarrel oft disguise;
 Yet Wiser Heads can see the warm Debate,
 Is not about a Future Happy State,
 Or how they'd go to Heav'n, but how on Earth grow Great.

Religion's us'd but as a bare Pretence,
 To colour their Intrigues with Innocence;
 And Sanctifie each Villanous Design,
 In hopes to draw more squeamish Bigots in.

Thus

Thus of their Zeal a Stalking Horfe they make,
 And always Play the Devil, for Gods sake;
 Preach like Apostles, and like Martyrs Pray,
 And seek the Lord in vain Ten times a Day:
 Imploring his Omnipotence to Aid,
 Against their Foes each Helliſh Plot they've laid;
 As if unſpotted Heaven, like Wicked Man,
 Would at their Impious Prayers turn *Partizán*.
 By Stratagems, like theſe, they move the *Crowd*,
 To Blindly Act againſt their Countries Good,
 Believing each baſe Work they go about,
 Muſt needs be Juſt, the Parties ſo Devout.

Whate'er by Rapine to themſelves they gain,
 By Force and Wreſted Scripture they maintain.
 For Gods Elect allow no other Law,
 But what themſelves from Holy-Writ can draw.
 When e'er they Arm, Gods Battle 'tis they Fight;
 (Tho' they Rebel, their Cauſe is always Right)
 And on their weaker Native Brethren Prey,
The Lord, they tell you, gives and takes away.

Thus wickedly prophane Gods Holy Name,
Do Ills themselves, and cast on Heav'n the blame.

Could *Interest* and *Ambition* once but cease,
The refin'd Christian then would Live in Peace;
And no Mans Conscience, tho' twas wrong, molest,
But let each Soul, of different Faith possess,
E'en Damn himself that way that pleas'd him best.

For all the publick Bustle that they make,
Pretendedly for Christ and Conscience sake,
Wou'd soon grow Calm, and we should plainly see
Their Mighty Zeal was but Hypocrisie.

In all Church Factions that perplex the State,
And vile Disorders in the Realm Create;
Their secret aim is to subject all Pow'r,
That does above their climbing Envy tow'r.

But such plain Truths declar'd would not perswade
The Brainless Multitude to lend their Aid.

Therefore for Faith they speciously contend,
But *Temp'ral Int'rest* is their Cursed End:

"Tis that alone divides the Christian Flock,
And is the Wedge that splits the Knotty Block.

To those in Faith that only Disagree,
Bare *Tolleration* sets the Conscience free;
And gives them open Liberty to use
What Worship they shall **Ignorantly** Choose.
But such a Gracious License can't suffice
A Party that desires to Tyrannize:
A Headstrong Tribe, whose vile Ambition wants,
To first o'erun the Civil Power with Saints,
And then Deny the Church that Priviledge she Grants.

This is their Aim, the World may plainly see,
In all their Jars about *Conformity*:
Their Conscience craves no Liberty at all,
But what their Zeal may make *Occasional*:
For were they to their Meetings so Confin'd,
Apart from *Int'rest*, as the Act design'd;

They scarce would Grace the Throne with one Address
 Of *Thanks*, for such a Benefit as this:
 To gain so small a Point, not worth their Care,
 They hate such Limits, and had rather far
 Such *Strait-Lac'd Tolleration* was deny'd,
 That should Oppose their *Av'rice* or their *Pride*.
 For with the Church, for *Int'rest*, they'll be Friends,
 And so again Dissent for Temp'ral Ends.
 Thus betwixt both their Consciences they Play,
 And always seek the Lord the *Gainfull'st way*:
 Stick to that Faith which saves at little Cost,
 Whose Party Pays the Least, and Gains the Most.

If such Dark Saints are suffer'd to prevail,
 And turn, by Vote, the Legislative Scale:
 Whilst Men of *Title*, in a Court Supream,
Proud, Wealthy, Wise, and highly in Esteem,
 Cunning as Foxes, Cautious how they move,
 Secret as Night, in the Intrigues of Love;

Shall

Shall for By-Ends their Faction's Favour Court,
 And by foul Means their wicked Cause Support.
 VVhat must the Throne that stops not their Career
 Expect, or what the Church and Nation fear,
 From hidden Plots, and Projects deeply laid,
 But all the Ills a sinking State can dread?

The *Throne* already once their Fury felt,
 And all the Kingdom suffer'd by their Guilt.
 No Royal Clemency could make them Yield;
 Till all the Land became one Bloody Field.
 Mercy still made them but the more severe,
 The more Indulg'd, more Cruel still they were.
 So wild, they scarce knew what themselves would have,
 But made Demands that must the Throne Enslave,
 Such that no Prince cou'd Grant, and none but Rebels Crave.
Rapine and *Spoil* were by their Chiefs allow'd,
 And made the Sport of the Rebellious Crowd.
 What e'er they *Stole*, *Free-Plunder* they would call;
 For Gods good People had pretence to all;

Robb'ry was Conquest, their Religion Spight,
Force gave the Law, Possession made the Right;
The Crowns Revenues, and the Churches Lands,
Sequestred were by Sacrilegious Hands.
 Thus did the Pious Saints, who Pop'ry fear'd,
 Pretend Religion, with a Conscience fear'd,
 But neither Gods true Church, or his Anointed spar'd.

Flush'd with Success their Frenzy grew more high,
 Great Ills the Nation felt, but worse drew nigh:
 Fortune, that oft neglects the Just and Good,
 Had favour'd with her Smiles the *Faction's Brood*;
 Which made the *Neuters*, who before deny'd
 Their Aid, thro' Fear embrace the *Strongest Side*.
 Thus, by *Blind Chance*, the *Tray'trous Multitude*,
 Grew much to Rich and Strong to be subdu'd:
 No Condescension could their *Fury* tame,
 The Kingdom Smarted wheresoe'er they came;
 Using to all, who from their Int'rest swerv'd,
 As little Mercy as themselves deserv'd.

For Rebels, when Success Attends their side,
Conquer with Cruelty, and Insult with Pride.

When Loyal *Blood* had thus the Land Manur'd,
 And ev'ry Shire their Sanguine Ills endur'd,
 Boundless their dire Revenge, they still pursu'd
 More barb'rous Deeds, to swell the crimson flood:
 Till they had Ended worse than they Begun,
 And out-done *All* their *Wicked Acts* in One.

Forcing the Best of Kings (in sad Distress)
 To seek Protection from a Treach'rous Race;
 Who Vow'd they'd truly act in his Defence,
 Yet, *Judas* like, Betray'd him for the Pence;
 Remov'd him from their Lousie Fawning Brood,
 To the Curs'd Blood-Hounds that his Life pursu'd.
 O Faithless Nation! Infamously **Base!**
 To Gods Creation only a Disgrace.
 With Vermin Plagu'd, and Punish'd with the Itch;
 Wretchedly Poor, and Doom'd to ne'er be Rich;

Who scarce e'er did, or ever could Propose
 One Gallant thing, to serve Themselves or Us.
 'Tis true, some Marks we of their Love can show,
 These Blessings to the Scabby Brood we owe,
Pedlars and Pipers, those two Loufie Guest;
 A *Plotting Traytor*, and a *Canting Priest*.

When the Proud Rebels from the *Scots* had brought,
 Th' Unhappy Purchase they so Basely Bought :
 Void of all Grace, they did Insult their Prince,
 And Treated him with Scorn and Insolence;
 Prefer'd Proposals so Morosly Rude,
 So Vainly Wicked to a King so Good :
 Back'd with Petitions, Humbly to Implore,
 He would Un-King himself, and give to them the Power.

Thus, when once fall'n into their Cruel Hands,
 How like themselves were their Unjust Demands.
 The Regal Power they wanted to supplant,
 Would nothing bate, the King no further grant:

Which

Which made the *Thirsty Vultures* soon agree,
 To Quench their Drowth, and let the Nation see,
 At once their Folly, Rage, and Crueltie.

Nothing could stop their Barbarous Intent,
 That the kind Monarch cou'd with Honour grant,
 Who Bravely scorn'd so Meanly to comply,
 As to hold Life, by th' Loss of Majesty:

But show'd his Soul Unconquerably Great,
 In scorning to submit at such a Rate;

Chusing, much rather, to Embrace his Fate;
 Which he beheld too near, but never fear'd,

Because for Death he always Liv'd prepar'd:
 For Princes know they but few Minuts have,
 Between a baneful Prison and the Grave.

Rebels, when flush'd, no Mercy e'er could show,
 From such base Springs no gentle Streams can flow,
 The more they thrive in *Blood*, more Cruel still they grow.

To th' King no signs of Safety could appear,
 Himself so Just, the Rebels so severe.

Closing their Impious Scene (which Heaven abhor'd)
 With Martyrs Blood, whilst *Cromwel* sought the Lord.

To this Vile Pitch did their Rebellion grow,
Treason, like theirs, no Annals e'er could show;
 All *Europe* trembled at the dreadful *Blow*.

Sure these are warnings to a Feav'rish State,
 How they make *Faction* by their favours Great,
 How they secure, promote, and next agree,
 To th' Councils of a second *Sh*——ry.
 Who Courts the Throne for a Protecting Smile,
 Yet Heads a dangerous *Faction* all the while.
 That when the Saints have ripen'd their Design,
 They may once more the Good Old Game begin.
 Such is their *Pride*, above the Church to tower,
 They ne'er are Easie whilst they've *Wealth* or *Power*;
 But at Gods Sacred Temples look awry,
 Disturb'd to see their Steeples stand so high.

But now, if ever, sure they must be pleas'd,
 When in *All* Points their Consciences are eas'd:
 The *State Protects them*, and the *Church Comply'd*
 Against her self, to please the strongest side;
 Her Past'ral Guides were to *their* Int'rest drawn,
 And their best Advocates appear'd in Lawn;
 Showing how blest a Priviledge 'twould be
 T' enjoy *Occasional Conformity*:
 That all Good Christians might, without a Crime,
 Serve *God* and *Mammon* at the self-same time.
 If more inclin'd to Gain, let Faith alone,
 'Twixt *two* Religions Halt, but Practice none:
 Or like true Moderators, if they please,
 Make both subservient to their Avarice.

This is a *Time* and *Season*, my Belov'd,
 That *True Religion* must not be improv'd:
 We know Gods Worship brings Eternal Good,
 Yet cannot now be minded as it shou'd;

Our Care of *Spirituals* must be delay'd,
 When *Temp'ral Interest* calls to be Obey'd:
 The *Whigs* are *Rich*, our Foreign Foes grown Great,
 Besides, for many Reasons more in State,
 Altho' we Ought, we Cannot disagree
 With such *Occasional Conformitie*.

This plainly shews, that since the *Whigs* deny,
 Thro' tender Zeal, to with the Church comply,
 That her good Guides, to *Peace* and *Union* bent,
 To please the *Whigs*, will from the Church Discent.
 That both alike, from *Shame* and *Scandal* free,
 May Lawfully enjoy the Libertie
 Of Cheating Heaven and Earth with Curs'd Hypocrisie.

These are the Church *Low-Flyers*, Mod'rate Men,
 Meer *Jacks* of both, nay any side for Gain:

These

These in all Party-Causes seem *Luke-warm*,
 They'll Hive with *Church-men*, with *Dissenters* Swarm;
 And in the main, do much less good than harm.

These, as their Int'rest varies, change their Path,
 And for Advantage skip from Faith to Faith:
 Yet ask to what *Religion* they pretend;
 To th' *Church Episcopal* they'll seem a Friend:
 But like some Mod'rate Prelates, when they're try'd,
 Let loose the *Whig*, and the True *Church-Man* hide.

Just so a Dext'rous *Jugler* does impose,
 Shows us a *Queen*, then bids us hold it close;
 We think we saw the very Card he gave,
 But when we look, it proves, perhaps, a *Knave*.

What various Shapes, what Monsters do we find
 Amongst the sinful Sons of Humane kind?

Most Men such strange uncouth Disguises wear,
 As if 'twas ev'ry Mortals chiefest care
 That *Truth* in nothing truly shou'd appear.

B—— the Church they should Protect, disown,
 And Vote for those they know would pull Her down;
 Walk tamely with *Dissenters* Hand in Hand,
 And serve the very Foe they should withstand.

So Cowards in the time of Danger hide,
 Or change the weakest for the strongest side:
 Desert their Native Country, and betray
 The best of Causes for the better Pay.

Judas, 'tis true, Dissembled with his Lord,
 And at last Sold Him for a small Reward:
 But then no Oath, impos'd by Humane Laws,
 Had bound his Conscience to the Christian Cause.

But those, to whom Church Government is given,
Whose Duty 'tis to Guide our Souls to Heav'n,
They Swear to truly succour and defend
The Church of Christ, as by the Laws Ordain'd.

Therefore, if they th' Establish'd Church expose
To Dangers, by Contending for Her Foes;
Sure 'tis a Crime that's Infamously Great,
And must deserve, at least, *Iscaiot's* Fate.

Judas betray'd, but did not break an Oath,
But our Grave Hypocrites committed both.
Judas was very wicked, these were worse:
Then tell me who deserves the greater Curse,
The S——t that car'd the Cause, or he that bore the Purse?

These are the *Wolves*, that in *Sheeps* Clothing hide,
Who take Church Pay, yet Vote for t'other side:

Promote what is their Duty to deny,
And prove *Low-Church-men*, tho' Advanc'd so high;
Meer Canker'd *Whigs*, with Past'ral Pow'r Disguis'd :
Approv'd by *Faction*, by the *Church* Despis'd.
Rais'd by Her Enemies to Pow'r and Place,
Not for much *Learning*, *Piety*, or *Grace*.
Men truly Qualify'd, and firmly bent,
To make the Church from Her own self Dissent;
That by this means both Parties may agree,
And be reduc'd to one Community ;
That is, that they should gain the Upper-hand,
And with their Tenets Poyson all the Land,
Subvert the Church, and Monarchy pull down,
And raise the Canting Cloak above the Crown.

Had they but once this Pow'r, they soon would find
Short Ways and *Means* to make us of one mind;
Which if the Church would use, they'd soon Conform,
And hug Her close to save themselves from harm.

But

But whilst such Biass'd Governours preside,
 The Church must surely be the weakest side:
 She dayly Loses whilst Her Rivals Win:
Dissenting Wolves have made Her Flocks but thin.

When Men of Prey the Past'ral Hook shall hold,
 The *Sheep* they Rule grow Negligently Cold,
 But Zealously to serve a wicked turn,
 And do those Things an Honest *Jew* would Scorn.
 For what poor Lamb would chuse that dang'rous way
 To seek his Food, where *Wolves* and *Foxes* Prey?

Therefore the unsettled Soul all Faith derides,
 Because he sees such Loosness in his Guides:
 For who'd not be affraid, that Church to own
 Which her Loose wav'ring Priests are pulling down.
 Such Canting Pastors, who, by fits and starts,
 Are *Church-Men*, but *Dissenters* in their Hearts;

Or else they'd ne'er so openly declare
 For those who hate the Dignity they bear.
 These Holy Cheats have many Games to Play,
 Still Gaining, tho' they seem to Lose the Day.
 Like *Sweet'ners* their Designs they often hide,
 By taking Party with the weakest side;
 Going the Losers halves to draw them In,
 But still Confed'rate with the Rogues that win.

Thus *Whigs*, tho' made Episcopally Great,
 Cannot be faithful to a Power they hate,
 But fatal to the *Church*, and dangerous to the *State*.
 The Gods an odd Experiment once try'd,
 And change a *Cat* into a beautiful *Bride*.
 The Joyful *Bridegroom* Dallying with his Dame,
 A *Mouse* at last into the Chamber came;
 She smelt the Vermin as in Bed she lay,
 And out she leap'd to catch the little Prey.

Thus, tho' the Gods, to show their Lib'ral Nature,
Transform'd the *Puss* into a Charming Creature;
Yet she, Disdainful of her Nuptial Joys,
Quitted her *Sponse*, and made a *Mouse* her Choice,
Slighting those Blessings which the Gods had given,
And still would be a *Cat*, in spight of Heaven.

So should the Church (which God' forbid) agree
Dissenting Elders should her Bishops be,
They'd still be *Whigs*, and to that Int'rest true,
In spight of all the State could Give or Do.

Since *Whigs* such strange Variety afford,
From the dull *Cit*, to the designing *Lord*,
I'll press my *Muse* to show you ev'ry sort,
And how the *Country* differ from the *Court*;
Their *Rise*, their *Faith*, their *Doctrine*, and their *Pray'rs*,
Their *Pride*, their *Aim*, their *Envy*, and their *Snares*,

That those who want to be Inform'd shall see
Dissenters in their true Deformity;
 Not made more Grim, as Painters do the *Bear*,
 But with Dissembling Looks they always wear.
 Their *Mein*, their *Cant*, their *Habit*, and their *Dress*,
 Their *Virtues*, *Vices*, and *Hypocrisies*;
 That those true Sons, that Love their Native Soil,
 May view the sundry Sects that Plague and Spoil
 The Concord Peace, and Wellfare of our *English* Isle.

In happy times, when Woman Rul'd the Throne,
 And Female Conduct matchless Glories won;
 Reform'd *Religion* then sprang up a pace,
 And shew the milled World her Vertuous Face,
 Which the good Queen beholding, soon Carest,
 And Nurs'd the Heavenly Off-spring at her Breast;
 Defeated *Rome*, did all their Plots defie,
 And rais'd the Infant *Reformation* high;

Winnow'd the Sacred Truth from *Popish* Chaff,
 Lab'ring to make her Subjects Souls more safe.
 From the Priests Burthens did their Shoulders free,
 And gave them a sweet taste of Liberty,
 Which all the Wise most thankfully enjoy'd,
 But Fools the Blessing by their Zeal Dstroy'd.
 Some in Old Ignorance, would remain still Blind,
 Others so Pious they'd be too refin'd:
 And in their restless Minds were never well
 With one Inch given, till they'd Stole an Ell.
 These latter prov'd a Vile Vexatious Brood,
 So Wicked, tho' they seem'd precisely Good,
 That neither *Church*, the *Throne*, or *Common-Weal*
 Could rest in Peace for their Confounded Zeal;
 Each, between two extreams, Devoutly bent,
 Would prove a *Devil*, yet appear a *Saint*.

In this good Reign this Stiff-Neck'd Wretch began,
 Nam'd, for his Looks Demure, a *Puritan*.

The Garb he wore and Godly Words exprest,
 Made the dull Rabble think him doubly Blest:
 With formal Hat he did his Looks disguise,
 To hide the Knave apparent in his Eyes,
 And to some Text of Scripture shap'd his Coat,
 To make himself a Christian of more Note.
 Thus Drest his Person with a pure intent,
 To show his Zeal to the Old Testament.
 In Father *Abraham's* Dialect he Talk'd,
 And Gravely as an Ancient Patriarch walk'd;
 Strange Dreams he Dream'd, and Visions saw each Night,
 In his dark Chamber by the Spirits Light.
 In tedious Pray'rs he Ling'red out the Day,
 But thought his loud Devotion thrown away,
 Except his List'ning Neighbours heard him Pray.
 Much Scripture Read to show his mighty Zeal,
 And with long Graces cool'd each scanty Meal.

Such were the Antient Primitive dull Saints,
 That Humm'd like *Hornets*, and Encreas'd like *Ants*,
 That Plagu'd the *Nation*, and Perplex'd the *Throne*,
 By sily aiming to make All their own.
 The Prudent Queen their ill Designs foresaw,
 And spoild their Projects by a well tim'd Law,
 Banish'd their Mungrel Teachers, and suppress
 Each Meeting, as a Vile Rebellious Nest.
 This suddain stop to the Precisians rise,
 Confirm'd her Courage, and Proclaim'd Her Wise,
 Advanc'd the Glory of Her prosp'rous Reign,
 And made Her Reverenc'd by the Wisest Men,
 Rais'd Her securely to a Matchless height,
 Whilst *Faction* Grinn'd, but had no Teeth to Bite.
 Some supple Saints with Zeal but gently warm'd,
 Rather than leave their Native Soil, Conform'd;
 Whilst others, much more Stubborn, bid adieu,
 And into *Croakland* and *Geneva* flew;

There with a heddious Voice as loud as *Fame*,
 Roar'd *Persecution* wheresoe'er they came,
 Maintain'd their *Scisms*, *Rebellious Schools* ordain'd,
 T' improve their Hatred to their Native Land.
 Thus were they scatter'd, and the Kingdom freed,
 By one good Statute, from a *Factions* Breed.
 O Happy Queen, thou Glory of a Crown,
 Tho' some believe thee Dead, and think thee gone,
 'Tis hop'd we still have got thee on the *English* Throne.

When *James* the First the Royal Scepter Sway'd,
 And all the Land in Peace his Pow'r Obey'd,
 The *English* Church from *Romish* Dross refin'd,
 Grew Great, and in its Prestine Glory shin'd.
 This *Rome* beholding with an Envious Eye,
 Abhor'd to see Her Rival mount so high;
 And many deep Designs and Projects laid
 To work her Fall, and lower her Tow'ring Head.

Her *Powder Plot* was of a Die too black,
 Heaven would not suffer that Device to take;
 But turn'd the Mischiefs of their Barb'rous Scene,
 T'wards their own Priests, who were to Act therein.

When these dire Stratagems would not prevail,
 But all their Ills on their own Party fell,
 That gentle means, by slow degrees might gain
 What cruel measures fail'd to yet obtain.
 Their Priests in sundry Shapes new *Tenets* Taught,
 And various *Factions* in the Church begot;
 Pretending still her Doctrines did agree,
 In many dangerous Points, with *Popery*;
 And that the *Faith* she Held, and *Things* she Taught,
 Were not Reform'd from Errors as they ought,
 Not truly Winnow'd from the *Roman* Chaff,
 But was, as yet, for Christian Souls unsafe.

This Pious Cheat new Footing got a pace,
 The wav'ring Crowd Cap'd wider still for Grace;
 Swallow'd

Swallow'd the Bait, and soon so Zealous grew,
 They chang'd their Old Religion for a New,
 Alter'd their *Mein*, their *Dialect*, and their *Dress*,
 And Printed in their Looks their Righteousness.
 To th' Scriptures they with Diligence apply'd,
 And Read long Chapters till they Slept or Cry'd.
 But with mistaken Notions still perplex'd,
 The Genuine Sence of each Misterious Text:
 Thus Plodded on, Misconst'ring what they Read,
 And made themselves more apt to be misled.
 Their Guides laid wait, and all Advantage took,
 To Hang the Nibblers faster to their Hook,
 Humour'd those Maggots which their Zeal had blown,
 And Broach'd those Doctrines that would best go down.
 Thus Errors once imbib'd, their Guides improv'd,
 And fed them with such Hodg-Podge as they Lov'd.
 Just so Physicians to advance their Fees,
 Prescribe such Doses as they think will please,
 And oft, instead of Curing, Flatter the Disease.

'Twas not their business Truly to Expound,
 Or to Instruct their Hearers, but Confound,
 And lead them from the *Truth* so far astray,
 That back to Church they should not find their way;
 But still in a wrong Course for Heaven Steer,
 And wander in their Errors God knows where.

So Travellers that quit the beaten-Road,
 For some by-Path they ne'er before had Trod:
 Jog Erring on, believing they are Right,
 Till they're quite-lost, and over-took by Night.
 Thus of Heav'n's Light bereft, they long for Day,
 And in Confusion grope to find their way.

When *Popish* Priests had thus their Envy show'd,
 And o'er the Land this new *Sedition* Sow'd,
 For want of Care, our own Degen'rate Schools,
 Produc'd a half Learn'd Race of *Knaves* and *Fools*;
 Born of *Mean Parents*, but as *Scholars* Bred,
 Design'd for *Priest-Hood*, tho' unfit for *Trade*:

But wanting Natures *Gifts*, as well as *Friends*,
 After long *Study* lost their wish'd for *Ends*;
 Could no *Preferments* in the *Church* obtain,
 Or *Reputation* for their *Learning* gain:
 But prov'd dull *Block-heads* to their *Parents* Cost,
 That no *Esteem* could claim, or *Merrit* boast,
 Or *Int'rest* to procure what want of *Merrit* Lost.

These swell'd with *Prejudice*, and fill'd with *Hate*,
 Grew *Envious Serpents* to the *Church* and *State*;
 From the true *Christian Faith* and *Doctrine* swerv'd,
 Because they mis'd what better Men deserv'd;
 Join'd with the *Faction* which the *Priests* had rais'd,
 Approv'd their *Tenets*, and the same Embrac'd;
 For *Popish Rites* against the *Church* complain'd,
 Yet by the *Popes* *Apostles* were Ordain'd
 To *Preach*, and set the *Nation* in a *Flame*,
 And Sow *Sedition* wherefoe'er they came,
 By picking *Senseless Quarrels* with the *Creed*,
 And railing at that *Faith* they once believ'd.

So he that Courts a *Virgin* for his *Bride*,
 And is the Blessing he propos'd Deny'd,
 Tho' he at first Ador'd her for her Charms,
 Yet when he's thought unworthy of her Arms,
 'Twixt those two Passions *Love*, and *Anger*, Fir'd,
 He Damns that Beauty he before Admir'd.

The Long *Reforming Cloak* was now put on,
 To bid Defiance to the *Reverend Gown*;
 Shelt'ring their *Meager Jaws* and *Empty Pates*,
 Beneath the Umbrage of their *Pot-lid-Hats*;
 Wore Dublet Collars of a wond'rous height,
 To make the Saints appear the more Upright;
 On which their Formal Bands precisely hung,
 Deluding Peasants as they March'd along,
 To think them *Wise*, tho' *Fools*, and very *Grave*, tho' *Young*.

When quaintly thus Equip'd, and stuff'd with Grace,
 Like Vagabonds they Rov'd from Place to Place:

Retail'd their *Faith* to Country *Goffs* and *Dames*,
 And Fed their Flocks with Holy Cheats and Shams:
 Their Whining Cant the meanest Rank Deceiv'd,
Wise People shun'd them, but the *Fools* believ'd,
 And thought, according to their Guides desire,
 The *Gospel Labourer* worthy of his Hire.
 The more they pleas'd, the greater were their Gains,
 Each willing to Reward the Teachers Pains.
 Gave to him freely, for the Good he'ad Taught,
 A *Spanish Three-Pence*, or a *Harry Groat*,
 Some proving very Good, and others very Naught.
 Thus Paid them for their *Preaching* and their *Pray'r*,
 As they did *Fidlers* at a *Wake* or *Fair*.

In *Barns* and *Stables* first the *Noddies* met,
 Where each, that would be wellcome, brought a Seat.
 The lowly *Pulpit* needed not a Stair,
 In empty *Tubs* they Sold their Pious Ware,
 Or o'er the back of some Old Wooden Chair.

Whilst round their Teacher all the Listening Fools,
 Sat Gaping on their Forms and Three-Leg'd Stools,
 As if their Poysonous Cant, and tedious Pray'rs,
 Enter'd their Yawning Mouths instead of Ears.

Thus by degrees the Hare-brain'd Giddy Crowd,
 Too Conscious and too Cautious of their Good,
 Were by false Guides from the true Church Decoy'd,
 Whose *Faith* before they Undisturb'd Enjoy'd;
 And soon were made f^r incorrigibly Blind
 By th^e *Ignis Fatuus* of an ill Taught Mind:
 That they were led Astray in Errors Night,
 Unable to discern the Heavenly Light.

Thus in our Isle the *Whigs* again reviv'd,
 Who in the former Reign were so short Liv'd.
Geneva timely now pour'd in apace,
 Her *Sons of Malice*, call'd the *Sons of Grace*:
 That th' old Rebellious Doctrines might be taught,
 Which had in *England* been so long forgot.

These, by their Preaching, made the Foolish Mad,
 And Poison'd all that tender Conscience had:
 Who did the New-Born Faction's Whim advance,
 Because it suited with their Ignorance.
 Encourag'd thus by the Deceirful Cant
 Of each false Teacher, Worship'd as a Saint,
 The Non-Con Zealots Multiply'd a pace;
 For *Knaves* and *Fools* are Mighty Fond of Grace;
 And would be thought by others to obtain,
 Much more at Heavens Hands than Honest Men.
 Thus false Devotion, Excerciz'd with Art,
 Disguises oft the *Whore* and *Villains* Heart;
 Does the Lewd *Harlot* like an *Angel* Paint,
 And makes the Sacred *Rogue* appear a Saint.
 True *Hipocrites* affect to be Demure,
 And the most *Wicked* strive to seem most *Pure*.
 'Tis for this Cause the Zealous and Precise,
 Do with such speed to Mighty Numbers rise:
Fools always love to Novelities Embrace,
 And *Knaves*, for Int'rest, add to their Encrease,

(32)
What way so'er the former run Astray,
The latter still pursue them as their Prey.

No sooner had the Saints new Footing gain'd,
But, like true Whigs, they murmur'd and complain'd;
Grew Saucy, Restless, Turbulent and Proud,
Headstrong, Rebellious, Clamorous and Loud;
Reform, Reform, was all their Godly cry,
The *Liturgy* smelt rank of *Popery*,
Was full of *Mafs*, which ought to be abjur'd,
And Jingling Answers not to be endur'd:
Their squeamish Consciences still Nicer grew,
And further daily from the Church withdrew:
Still as they stray'd, their Mothers Sides to wound,
Old Faults they Magnify'd, and new ones found:
And as th' encreas'd, to Blind the Common-weal,
They hid their Factious Tenets with their Zeal:
Grew *Pious* and *Rebellious* at a time,
That strict Devotion might obscure each Crime.

Which in their New Projected Hum Drum way,
 They Exercis'd at least four times a Day;
 Christs Matchless Pray'r they slighted and disdain'd;
 And in their Barns th' Apostles Names Prophan'd,
 Dispis'd good Preaching, as they did good Laws,
 And vallu'd more their own dull Hums and Haus.
 Such wholesome, Home-spun Rites their Zeal admir'd,
 Where change of Posture should not be requir'd;
 Their Worship did their Formal Humours fit,
 They now knew when to stand, and when to sit:
 And were, by their new Discipline at once,
 Freed from the trouble of a hard Response;
 To which they ne'er could Cordially agree,
 But Damn'd such decent Rites as Popery,
 Because they could not Read, nor had they Memory.
 So grumbling Cynicks in their Hovels Preach,
 Against the Useful things they cannot reach:
 And Ill-Bred Women Rail at, and Despise,
 The Modest Garb to which they cannot rise.

These were the Saints that were again enclin'd
 To be so Pure, they would be twice Refin'd:
 Tho' some poor Souls no other Meaning had,
 Than to oblige their Consciences, tho' bad;
 For they no other sparks of Grace could find,
 Than the meer Dictates of a Foblish Mind,
 Believing each new Whim, some suddain Light,
 Struck up by Heaven to guide their Souls aright,

These, in some measure, ought to be excus'd,
 And well Admonish'd, not severely Us'd;
 But he that leads such Ignorance aside,
 A Gallows is too good for such a Guide:

Wisemen to Reason readily Concede,
 But Erring Fools Laborious Teaching need:
 They're quickly won who're forward to Consent,
 The Bow is easily drawn that stands half bent:

But 'tis a Task would make a Bishop Sweat,
To set a Stubborn, Crooked Conscience straight.

Soon to great Strength their Factions Numbers grew,
For Fools are many, and the Wise but few:
Their Painful Teachings, wandering Up and Down,
Had with their Maggots Fly-blown ev'ry Town;
That where Gods Holy Church the People Blest,
The Devil had a Chappel and a Priest,
Where Idle-Tales with Blasphemies were Brewd,
And gloss'd with Scriptures to Delude the Crowd.
Which tho' Prophanely us'd, and Lamely brought,
Yet gave a Sanction to the Lies they Taught:
From whose Vile Practice this Old Proverb springs,
That ev'ry Evil in Gods Name begins.

As they advanc'd more Piety they profess'd,
And seem'd to be with double Portions blest.

Gods *Grace* they boasted every where they came,
 And never Sneeze'd, but Prais'd His *Holy Name*.
 What e'er they spoke was in a Canting Tone,
 That favour'd of *Dissembla—ti—on*.
 One Hand upon the Breast was gently laid,
 And then the *Saint* Prophetick Speeches made;
 Yet when their *Tongues* were Glib, and *Flesh* was Frail,
 In Scripture Phrase they'd tell a *Bawdy-Tale*,
 And were the first that Talk'd *Religion* o'er their *Ale*.
 They fondly boasted to be Gods *Elect*,
 His *Chosen People*, free of all Defect,
 And were such strange Uncharitable *Elvs*,
 They'd Grant to none *Salvation* but themselves.
 They held the Church in a Degenerate State,
 And all Her Members to be Reprobate:
 Long *Graces* to short *Commons* they allow'd,
 And took much Pains to Sanctifie their Food;
 Which Thriv'd so Ill with Bodies so Divine,
 They always look'd like *Pharaohs* Famish'd King.

But who can wonder at their *Meagre State*,
 Since we see *Mad-Men* very seldom *Fat*.
 When the *Mind's* sick, the *Body* feels the *Pain*,
 And cannot *Thrive* with a *Destemper'd Brain*.

The more th' *Encreas'd*, the greater was their *Pride*,
 And still they further grew *Dissatisfied*,
 Revil'd the *Peaceful Church*, and Blam'd the *State*
 That would not pull her down to make them *Great*.
 Thus thought the *Elect* had the best *Right to Rule*,
 And that the *Pious* should be *Powerful* ;
 but still in all their *Canting* quaint *Disguise*,
 The *Saints* did not appear in *Good Mens Eyes*,
 E'er the less *Wicked*, tho' the more *Precise*.

Nick-Names upon the *Church* they now bestow'd,
 To render her more *Odious* to the *Crowd* ;

As

As *Mass-House*, *Steeple-House*, and sundry more
 Malicious *Epethites*, unknown before,
 Which she had ne'er deserv'd, and yet with Patience bore.
 The *Common-Pray'r* they *Popish Porridge* stil'd,
 And all the Church Decent *Rites* revil'd.
 The *Surplice* was a Heathenish Ghastly wear,
 That made Gods Ministers like *Sprites* appear.
 A *Popish Rag*, the *Babylonian Smock*,
 A *Pagan Dress* that should be quite forlook.

Thus did the Antient *Puritans* ne'er fail,
 To like their *Modern Whigish Brethren* Rail.
 For seeming *Sanctity*, and false *Abuse*,
 Were *Stratagems* they always kept in use;
 By such base means they Kingdoms did Inflame,
 And in all Ages have been still the same.

Restless as Froward Children when Diseas'd,
 Will Please no Pow'r, and with no Pow'r be Pleas'd:

Hot

Hot as the *Sun*, Tempestuous as the *Seas*
 That swell, tho' Fan'd but with a gentle Breaz;
 Swift to *Revenge*, to *Gratitude* but slow,
 Will stop when driven, when check'd will forward go;
 Gloomy when *Angry*, as a *Thunder Cloud*,
 Silent in *Mischiefs*, in their *Sufferings* loud;
 Pleas'd, when *Oppressive*, *Injur'd*, full of *Spight*,
 Bold in the *Wrong*, and Cow'r'dly in the *Right*,
 Harsh to *Inferiours*, to *Superiours* Stout,
 Rigid in *Pow'r*, and *Turbulent* when out.
 The more the State Imparts, the more they Crave,
 Their Minds are still Insatiate as the *Grave*:
 Gain Rules the *Conscience*, *Malice* Guides the *Tongue*
 Of ev'ry Member of the *Factions* Throng,
 Slack to do others *Right*, and hard to suffer *Wrong*.

These *Thorny Bryars* having Footing gain'd,
 Like *Ægypt's* Plagues, soon scatter'd o'er the Land;

Did dayly to a higher Growth attain,
 Like *hasty Weeds* among our *wholsome Grain*,
 Which the *Scots* viewing, with a well pleas'd Eye,
 Did from their *Kirk* the growing Sect supply
 With *Scabby Priests*, to make their *Zeal* more warm,
 And lick their wild *Opinions* into Form.

These with success their *Northern Cunning* us'd,
 And by degrees *Kirk* Principles infus'd.
 Finish'd the *Task* the *Roman Scouts* began,
 And chang'd the *Rough Hewn Zealous Puritan*
 Into that restless Sect, the *Presbiterian*.
 In large Assemblies now they did appear,
Calvin among't them flourish'd ev'ry where;
 His doubtful *Doctrines* into Vogue were brought,
 And his loose *Tenets* with Improvement Taught:
 Each *Spiritual Device* went smoothly down,
 Like a false *Ballad* in a *Country Town*:

Med'cines work slowly, that are safe and good,
 But Poyson soon diffuses thro' the Blood;
 Hot Zeal and slimy Brains the Mischief bred,
 Wild Pray'rs and Sermons the Distemper Fed,
 And more each Day the catching Feaver spread,
 Till half the sickly Isle Delirious grew,
 E'er Heavens Physitian the Contagion knew:
 The Dire Infection quickly reach'd the Court,
 And Tainted many of the Nobler fort,
 Who wanting Merrit to be made more Great,
 Were bent, thro' Envy, to Disturb the State.

These with the Presbyterian Faction joyn'd,
 And slyly manag'd what the Brood design'd;
 Render'd them hurtless in their Princes Eye,
 And still Conceal'd the Danger that was nigh;
 But the Wise Monarch soon discern'd the Cheat,
 And saw an Envious Party growing Great;

Well knowing when *Religion* does appear,
 I'th' Front, there must be *Mischief* in the Rear.
 He then upon a due Inspection found
 How far the *Canting Tribe* had Gather'd Ground,
 And how his Native, tho' a *Treacherous Land*,
 To raise this *Faction*, lent their helping Hand.
 This Usage swell'd his Indignation high,
 Who now beheld them with a Jealous Eye:
 Boldly resolving, timely to Remove
 Those Ills the *Scots* had labour'd to Improve;
 And as he found they'd form'd an ill-Design,
 To Lead by gentle steps *Presbit'ry* in.
 So Acting by Reverss such Measures took,
 That made them Bow to the *Prelatick Yoke*;
 Compell'd the *Kirk* to each false *Loons* surprize,
 (In spight of every Opposite Device)
 To yield to what they Hated worse than *Scabs* or *Lice*:
 That Pow'r at which they'd long their Venom spit,
 And Loaded with each Odious Epithite;

(50)
Now started up at the Supream Command,
And shook the *Crosier* o'er their *Lousie* Land.
Thro' their Wise Conduct such a Progress made,
That the great'st part *Dissembled* and *Obey'd*.
The *Scots* Out-Witted, thus were forc'd to Fawn,
And Bow their stubborn Freckly Necks to *Lawn*.
Which they before, with all Invet'ricy,
Pronounc'd a Pye-ball'd badge of *Popery*,
A Loathsome Rag of *Romes* Idolatry;
Yet, when o'er-Power'd, they seemingly comply'd
With what, of late, they did so much deride:
But kept their Engines Cautiously at work,
To pull them down that Triumph'd o'er their *Kirk*,
For True Born Cunning *Scots* to gain their Ends,
Will hug their Enemies, or betray their Friends,
Like Statesmen that project their Princes Fate,
Platter the very Objects of their hate.

While

Whilst the Wise King pursu'd this great design,
 Till he'ad paid *Scotland* in her own base Coin:
 Due Care was taken, to the Grief of *Rome*,
 To Curb the *Whigish Faction* here at Home.
Elizabeth's good Laws were now reviv'd,
 And the *Dissenting Brood* was so short Liv'd,
 That they Declin'd much faster, than before they Thriv'd.
 The fear of Punishment soon spoil'd their Aim,
 And drove them to the Church, from whence they came;
 So the Rude Rabble, when to Rage inclin'd,
 Warmly pursue the Mischiefs they've design'd:
 But if in view some Lawful Power comes,
 They all sneak slyly to their own safe Homes.

Thus was this restless Brood, once more suppress'd,
 That did the Church and Kingdoms Peace molest,
 And by well tim'd Authentick Laws were made,
 T' Embrace the Church, from whence they long had stray'd;

For with a stubborn *Tribe* severe Constraint,
 Ought to effect what milder Measures can't ;
 For gentle Methods are Dispis'd, when Force
 Will Tame the *Angry Bull*, or *Head-strong Horse*.

When *James* the First had finish'd Lives short span,
 And *Charles*, the *Merciful*, His Reign began,
 The *Sons of Mischief*, surfeited with Ease,
 Began once more t' Invade the Kingdoms Peace.
 From their long Sleep Rouz'd their Lithargick Souls,
 And from small Numbers, quickly grew to Shoals.
 When thus by the Remisness of the State,
 They were grown Formidable, Rich, and Great ;
 The Curses on a Careless Land, they brought
 The *Plagues* they scatter'd, and the *Ills* they wrought ;
 Their Usage to a kind forgiving Throne,
 The Vile *Abuses* to the *Clergy* shown.
 My Muse, tho' some may think her in the wrong,
 With these sad Notes began her Mournful Song,

But

But let her not deserve her Readers blame,
For Deeds most Wicked, do precedence Claim.

Since I am now into a Circle run,
Like the Round Year, I'll end where I begun;
Yet still move forward t'wards a second Strain,
And where I now conclude begin again.

The End of the First Part.

Calvin's Doctrine

ACCORDING TO

Wros's VIEW:

With an ANSWER Interscrib'd.

THAT in this Life no Christian Faith can be
Without some Doubt or Incredulity.

If so, for want of Faith, Mankind must fall;

For doubtful Faith is no belief at all.

That we by th' Scriptures may to Heaven proceed,

And no Tradition from the Pulpit need.

Then far beyond our Knowledge we are Blest,

And have but small occasion for a Priest.

That what the Church implicate Faith does call,

Cannot amount to any Faith at all.

Then .

(55)
Then none's oblig'd Church Doctrine to believe,
Or Pin his Faith upon his Teachers Sleeve.
That, in the Scriptures many Books we find,
Which can no Canon plead, or Credit bind.
Tho' as Canonical we don't believe
Those Books, yet we those Books for Truths receive.
That Scripture is in Fundamentals clear,
And in all Causes may as Judge appear.
Scripture's a Righteous Judge, we don't deny,
But Ill Expounded carr's the Cause awry.
That saving Faith the Elect can only Boast,
Which Faith, if once possesst, can ne'er be lost.
Calvin and his Elect are strangely out,
No Faith is saving that admits of Doubt.
That God predestines Man to Heav'n or Hell,
Without regard to Humane Good or Ill.
Then Faith and Good Works no Rewards can Claim,
And if we're Wicked, Heav'n must bear the Blame.

*That ev'ry Evil Act we think our own,
Is by Gods Will appointed to be done.*

*How then can Man be said to run astray,
Since Saints and Villains equally Obey?*

*That Christ no Essence of the Father had,
As he was Son, but of himself was God.*

*Then God the Father's sep'rate from the Son,
And we must have two Gods instead of one.*

*That Christ, as Man, did perfect Knowledge want,
And was in many matters Ignorant.*

That Christ was God, he does before allow,

Then Christ, as God, must all things truly know.

That Christ both in respect of Humane Nature,

As well as God-Head, is our Mediator.

Christ does for Man, thro' Mercy, interceed,

As very God, from Humane Nature freed.

That Christ, who Dy'd to purchase our Salvation,

Felt, for some time, the Torment of Damnation.

The stings of Conscience, are the pains of Hell,
 Which he that never Sin'd could never feel.
That Christ did never into Hell Descend,
But on the Cross the Infernal Pangs sustain'd.
 No Hellish Tortures there could reach his Breast,
 Sure, e'er he Dy'd, t^e Eternally be Blest.
That God is pleas'd the Torments to delay,
Of th^e Evil Angels, till the Judgment Day,
 Some Punishments those Angels needs must feel,
 The Loss of Heav'n must be alone a Hell.
Gods Church does none but the Elect contain,
And that it is not Visible to Men.
 Then those Elected know not but they stray,
 The Path unseen must be a doubtful way.
That th^e Church and Civil Power together join'd,
Can make no Law that can the Conscience bind.
 If both Establish one approved way,
 They've Power to Punish those that run astray.

*That the Chaste Vows among the Cloister'd Fair,
And all Monastick Lives Unlawful are.*

*A Holy Life does with Gods Laws agree,
To Vow to lead it can't Unlawful be.*

*From Adam's Fall we're so Corrupted still,
That Man to Goodness can have no free will.*

*If to Good Actions Humane Will's not Free,
We must be Sinful of Necessity;*

Why then for Evils should we Punish'd be?

*That the first Notions of Concupisence,
Before the Will concurs is an Offence.*

*To such Desires the Will must first agree,
Involuntary Thoughts are always free,*

Tho' bad themselves, in us a Sin they cannot be.

That still our Sins inherent in us are,

In spite of Pennance, Sacrament or Prayer.

Then his Elect are in a Sinful State,

For none on Earth can be Regenerate.

*The Power of Good Works is to Man deny'd,
 We must alone by Faith be justify'd.
 Since Calvin's Faith from Doubts is never free,
 How can that Faith their Justifier be?
 That the best Work which our whole Lives afford,
 Justly deserve Damnation for Reward.
 If to Good Works Mankind have no FreeWill,
 'Tis hard we should be Damn'd for doing Ill.
 That we may here foresee our Justification,
 And likewise be assur'd of our Salvation.
 How can a Sinner, with a doubtful Faith,
 Who no Free Will to one Good Action hath,
 Be certain he's exempt from Heavens Wrath?
 That Faith and Charity United be,
 Yet Faith's more excellent than Charity.
 If without both no Soul can e'er be Blest;
 How can we then distinguish which is best?
 That in this Life, be careful as we will,
 Gods Laws we cannot possibly fullfil.*

No Law that Heaven or Humane Power made,

Can Binding be, that cannot be Obey'd.

That Usury (which most Christians do explode)

Is in some cases Lawful and Allow'd.

Usury's a Base Uncharitable Gain,

Repugnant to the Laws of God and Man.

That the Lent Fast we ought not to Observe,

That Gods not pleas'd to see his Creatures starve.

It neither ought not to be kept, nor ought,

'Tis of no import, whether kept or not.

That Grace by Baptism cannot be confer'd,

Nor by the Holy Supper of the Lord.

If Grace at our Communion don't accrue,

How can we Vow to lead our Lives anew:

Gods Holy Presence Guards the Sacred Place,

And fills each Humble Soul with Saving Grace.

I N I S